

How Could I (Bubbline angst fic)

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Summary: sad but sweet flashback of a happier time for our two "gal-pals" vague character death enjoy yo :P (bonus marceline song i threw together in the wee hours of the morning)

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[FLASHBACK]

"Where are we going? What are we doing?" Marceline sang, laying on her bed for once instead of hovering over it, her fingers playing with pink bubblegum hair.

"Does anybody know? Do they really know?" A sweet voice chimed in, sleepy but still willing to sing along. Down below, with her head laying in the Vampire Queen's lap, Bonnibel Bubblegum lay singing the old tune with her.

"How could I?" Marceline sang out, smiling at her lover's true need for sleep, whereas she knew she herself could but didn't really need it. If she wanted she could never sleep. It came down to if she was tired enough and didn't want to feed she could just go without due to her immortality. Meanwhile they both knew that Bubblegum's life was exceptionally long. Though even then, neither knew when she would succumb to possible death, or even, if she really could.

Of course either of them could, in theory, die. But if they were to it wouldn't be by conventional means. Possibly a sickness that could wipe them out but isn't by any means "normal." Or maybe a fatal blow. It wasn't certain what could or would end their lives, but here? Now? All that mattered was that they were together.

"How is your hair never sticky?" Marceline suddenly asked, sitting up a bit more to toy with the strands.

"Hm..." The tired Princess replied, nuzzling into the warmth of

Marceline's usually cold body.

"Sugar powder." She finally replied, the simple answer enough to quell Marceline's curiosity as she continued her stroking through the thick candy.

"Weird." Marceline mumbled, the sound of her voice carrying softly through her abdomen and into the Royal's ear pressed firmly to it.

"You're weird." Bubblegum replied, a small tired smile gracing her otherwise placid face.

Marceline snorted lightly, shifting again to tilt her pink face up to hers. Giving her sweet lips a peck as she murmured, "Whatever Bon."

[FLASHBACK END]

"Where are we going? What are we doing?" Marceline sang, floating above a grave outside the walls of the Candy Kingdom.

"_Does anybody know? Do they really know?"_ Sang the sweet voice in her head. Long since burned into the back of her mind, even after all this time. She'd never forget the voice of the late Kingdom's ruler, she couldn't if she tried.

She gripped her bass tighter, tuning and retuning the strings until she felt their melancholy sound fit her mood just right. It had to be perfect.

She continued singing, just as she did every year. A song only the two of them had known from before the war that started everything. The war that started OOO. The Great Mushroom War.

No one else had ever known the song, but Marceline had remembered it well. Singing it only when she was in front of the only other person she knew ever could. Even now it was still sacred to her. No one would ever hear this song, not from her at least. She couldn't, she wouldn't. They wouldn't understand it, and they wouldn't feel it. She wasn't even sure she could anymore. Not the same way at least. Never the same way.

"How could I?" She whispered finally, tears beginning to fall as her body did, floating to the ground before the stone and throwing her bass aside as she cried. Her tears not understood to the generations that now lived. That lived without her.

She sang it again. The moment she could control her sobbing she started, words already falling out of her fanged mouth as she held her bass once more in a death grip. She didn't want to feel this. The ancient Queen felt she couldn't stand it anymore. But she knew nothing would bring back the one she had loved, and she'd be damned if she let her be forgotten. If she was the one to carry this burden, this memory— Then so be it— She would not let her love die as long as she was at least alive to remember it, remember her— Even if her Princess was as forgotten and uncared about as the words to their song by all others, it wouldn't be to Marceline. She'd make sure of it.

After all.

It _was_ their wedding song.

End
file.